



EVANGELINE





Class PS 2263

Book A1

Copyright N^o. 1893
copy 2

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

Large-Paper Edition

EVANGELINE

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

With Illustrations by

F. O. C. DARLEY







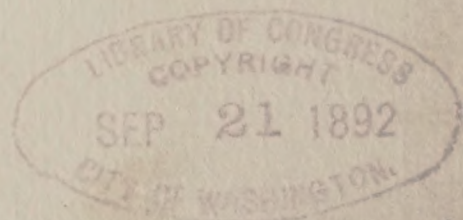
This is the forest primeval

EVANGELINE
A TALE OF ACADIE
BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
F O C DARLEY



CAMBRIDGE
Printed at the Riverside Press
M DCCC XCIII

copy 2



36542X

COPYRIGHT, 1882, 1886, AND 1892
BY HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COM-
PANY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

PS 2263
.A1
1893
Copy 2.



One Hundred and Fifty Copies

Printed. Number *Copyright*
not to be sold

a.m.P. Jan. 19, 1928.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
This is the forest primeval	<i>Frontispiece</i>
The parish priest and the children	12
Down the long street she passed	16
On the slope of the hill was the well	18
They stood with wondering eyes	22
Twilight descending	
Brought back . . . the herds to the homestead	28
Apart, in the twilight, . . .	
Sat the lovers	46
Thronged were the streets with people	50
Merrily whirled the . . . dizzying dances	52
Then came the guard from the ships	54
Driving . . . their household goods to the sea-shore	66
Wives were torn from their husbands	70
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river	90
Into this wonderful land	
Gabriel far had entered	124
They found only embers and ashes	128
“ Father, I thank thee ”	152



EVANGELINE

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval ; but where are
the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the
woodland the voice of the huntsman ?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home
of Acadian farmers, —
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water
the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting
an image of heaven ?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farm-
ers forever departed !
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty
blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle
them far o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful
village of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and
endures, and is patient,

Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of
woman's devotion,

List to the mournful tradition still sung by the
pines of the forest ;

List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the
happy.



PART THE FIRST

I

I N the Acadian land, on the shores of the
Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of
Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows
stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to
flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised
with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated
seasons the flood-gates

Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at
will o'er the meadows.

West and south there were fields of flax, and
orchards and cornfields

Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain;
and away to the northward

Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on
the mountains

Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the
mighty Atlantic

Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from
their station descended.

There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the
Acadian village.

Strongly built were the houses, with frames of
oak and of chestnut,

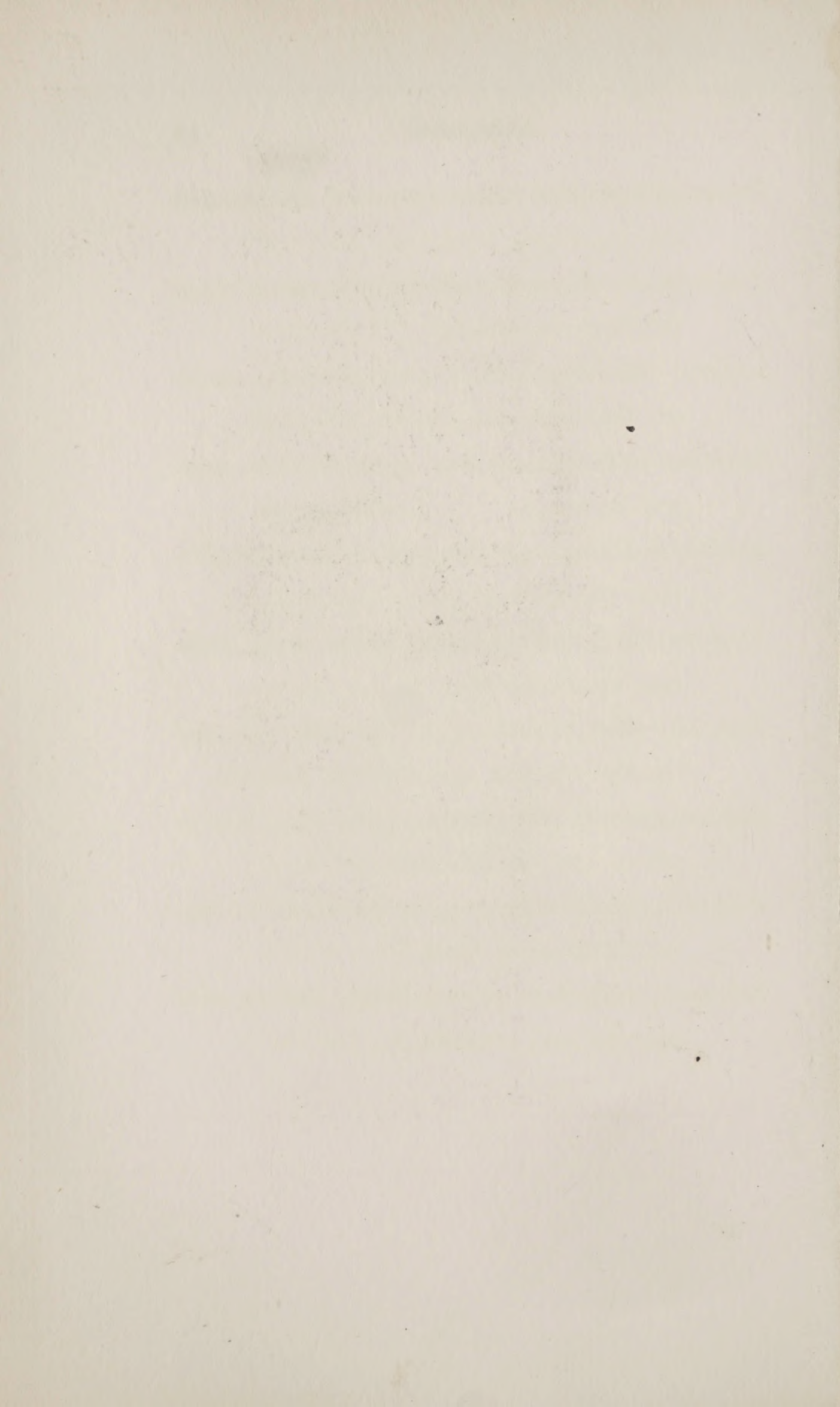
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the
reign of the Henries.

Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows;
and gables projecting

The parish priest and the children



F. O. C. 1881



Over the basement below protected and shaded
the door-way.

There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when
brightly the sunset

Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes
on the chimneys,

Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps
and in kirtles

Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spin-
ning the golden

Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shut-
tles within doors

Mingled their sound with the whir of the
wheels and the songs of the maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish
priest, and the children

Paused in their play to kiss the hand he ex-
tended to bless them.

Reverend walked he among them ; and up rose
matrons and maidens,

Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.

Then came the laborers home from the field,
and serenely the sun sank

Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon
from the belfry

Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs
of the village

Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,

Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.

Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers, —

Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from

Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.

Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows ;

But their dwellings were open as day and the
 hearts of the owners ;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest
 lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer
 the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of
 Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres ; and with him, di-
 recting his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the
 pride of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of
 seventy winters ;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered
 with snow-flakes ;
White as the snow were his locks, and his
 cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seven-
 teen summers.

Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on
the thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the
brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine
that feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the
reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth
was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while
the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest
with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters bless-
ings upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her
chaplet of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of
blue, and the ear-rings,

Down the long street she passed



Brought in the olden time from France, and
since, as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through
long generations.

But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal
beauty —

Shone on her face and encircled her form,
when, after confession,

Homeward serenely she walked with God's
benediction upon her.

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceas-
ing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house
of the farmer

Stood on the side of a hill commanding the
sea ; and a shady

Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine
wreathing around it.

Rudely carved was the porch, with seats be-
neath ; and a footpath

Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared
in the meadow.

Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung
by a penthouse,

Such as the traveller sees in regions remote
by the roadside,

Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed
image of Mary.

Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the
well with its moss-grown

Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough
for the horses.

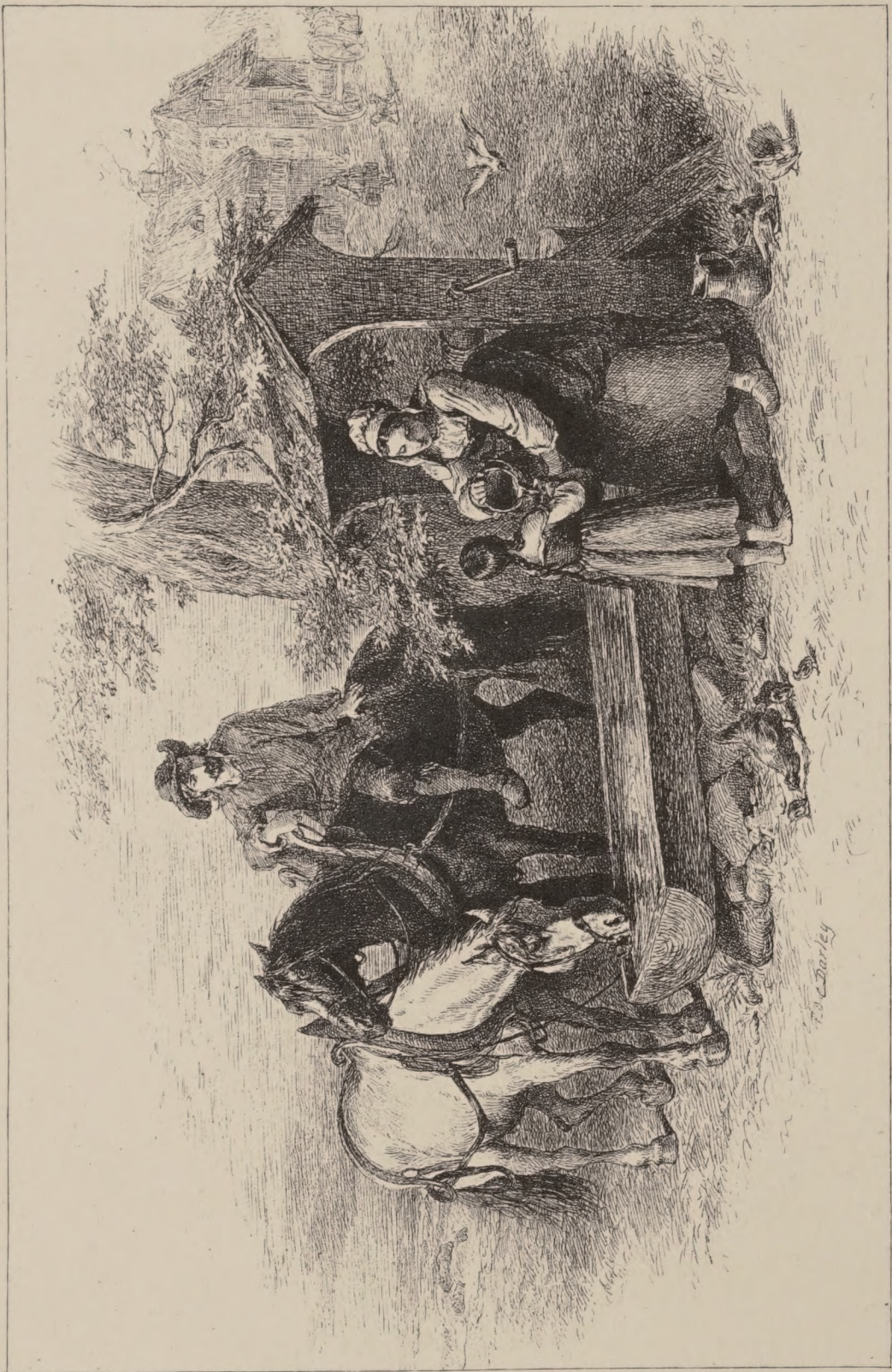
Shielding the house from storms, on the north,
were the barns and the farm-yard,

There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the
antique ploughs and the harrows ;

There were the folds for the sheep ; and there,
in his feathered seraglio,

Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock,
with the selfsame

On the slope of the hill was the well



Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.

Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one

Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch ;
and a staircase,

Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.

There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates

Murmuring ever of love ; while above in the variant breezes

Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré

Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.

Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,

Fixed his eyes upon her, as the saint of his
deepest devotion ;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or
the hem of her garment !
Many a suitor came to her door, by the dark-
ness befriended,
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the
sound of her footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or
the knocker of iron ;
Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of
the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance
as he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of
the music.
But, among all who came, young Gabriel only
was welcome ;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the black-
smith,

Who was a mighty man in the village, and
honored of all men ;

For, since the birth of time, throughout all ages
and nations,

Has the craft of the smith been held in repute
by the people.

Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from
earliest childhood

Grew up together as brother and sister ; and
Father Felician,

Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had
taught them their letters

Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of
the church and the plain-song.

But when the hymn was sung, and the daily
lesson completed,

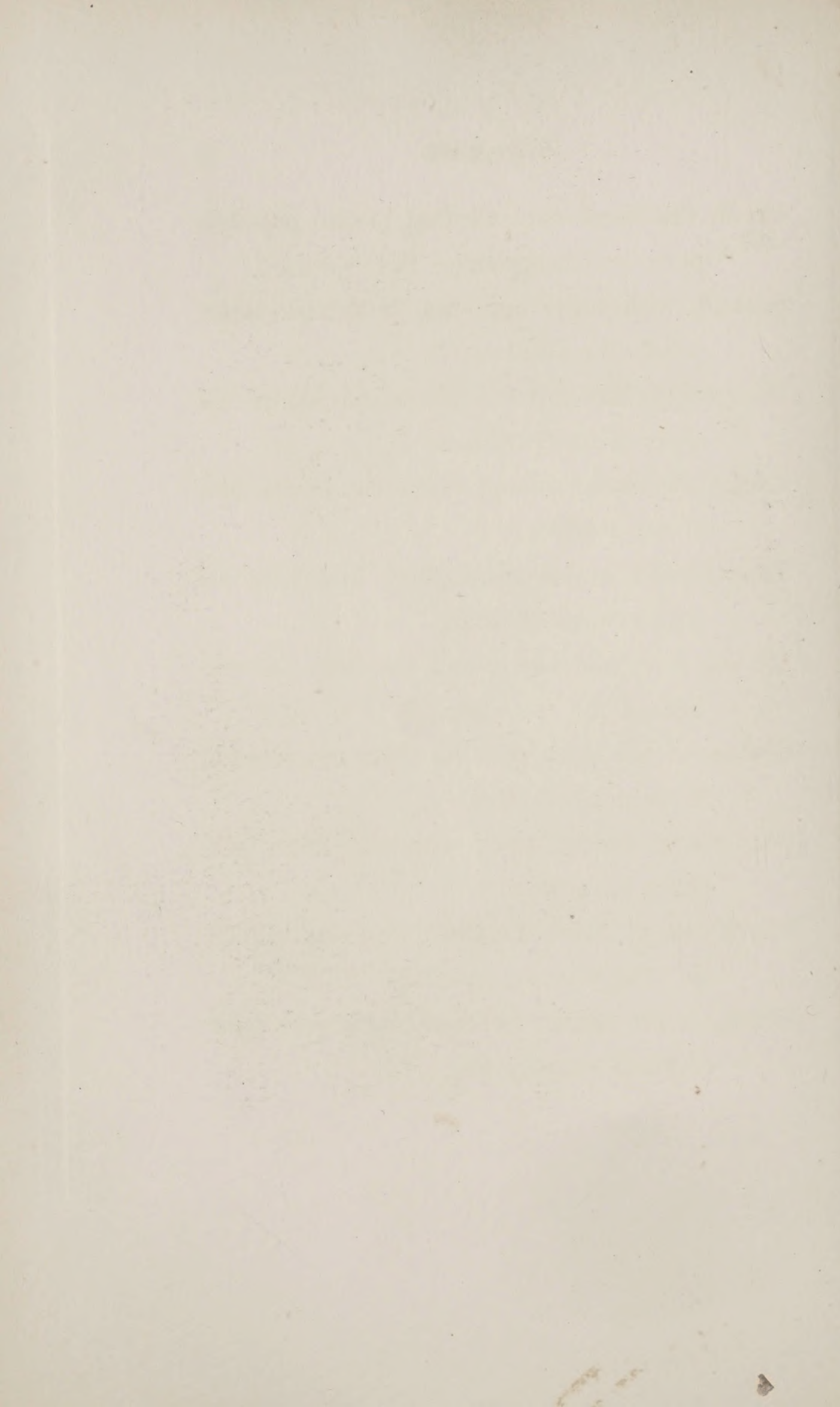
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil
the blacksmith.

There at the door they stood, with wondering
eyes to behold him

Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse
as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place ; while near him
the tire of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle
of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the
gathering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through
every cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the
laboring bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks ex-
pired in the ashes,
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going
into the chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop
of the eagle,
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away
o'er the meadow.

They stood with wondering eyes





Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous
 nests on the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone,
 which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the
 sight of its fledglings ;
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest
 of the swallow !
Thus passed a few swift years, and they no
 longer were children.
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the
 face of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened
 thought into action.
She was a woman now, with the heart and
 hopes of a woman.
“Sunshine of Saint Eulalie” was she called ;
 for that was the sunshine
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their
 orchards with apples ;

She, too, would bring to her husband's house
delight and abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of
children.

II

NOW had the season returned, when the
nights grow colder and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scor-
pion enters.

Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air,
from the ice-bound,

Desolate northern bays to the shores of trop-
ical islands.

Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the
winds of September

Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old
with the angel.

All the signs foretold a winter long and inclem-
ent.

Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoard-
ed their honey

Till the hives overflowed ; and the Indian hunters asserted

Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.

Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,

Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints !

Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light ; and the landscape

Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.

Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean

Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.

Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards,

Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,

All were subdued and low as the murmurs of
love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden
vapors around him ;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet
and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glit-
tering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned
with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and af-
fection and stillness.
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and
twilight descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and
the herds to the homestead.
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their
necks on each other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the
freshness of evening.

Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful
heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that
waved from her collar,
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human
affection.
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating
flocks from the seaside,
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them
followed the watch-dog,
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride
of his instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and
superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the
stragglers ;
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept ;
their protector,
When from the forest at night, through the
starry silence, the wolves howled.

Twilight descending
Brought back . . . the herds to the homestead



Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains
from the marshes,

Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its
odor.

Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their
manes and their fetlocks,

While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and
ponderous saddles,

Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with
tassels of crimson,

Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy
with blossoms.

Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded
their udders

Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in
regular cadence

Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets
descended.

Lowling of cattle and peals of laughter were heard
in the farm-yard,

Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into
stillness ;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves
of the barn-doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season
was silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace,
idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the
flames and the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city.
Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with
gestures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away
into darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his
arm-chair
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter
plates on the dresser

Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of
armies the sunshine.

Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols
of Christmas,

Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers
before him

Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Bur-
gundian vineyards.

Close at her father's side was the gentle Evan-
geline seated,

Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the
corner behind her.

Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its
diligent shuttle,

While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like
the drone of a bagpipe,

Followed the old man's song, and united the frag-
ments together.

As in a church, when the chant of the choir at
intervals ceases,

Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of
the priest at the altar,
So, in each pause of the song, with measured
motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard,
and, suddenly lifted,
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung
back on its hinges.

Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was
Basil the blacksmith,
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who
was with him.

“Welcome!” the farmer exclaimed, as their foot-
steps paused on the threshold,

“Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy
place on the settle

Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty
without thee;

Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the
box of tobacco;

Never so much thyself art thou as when through
the curling

Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and
jovial face gleams

Round and red as the harvest moon through the
mist of the marshes."

Then, with a smile of content, thus answered
Basil the blacksmith,

Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the
fireside :—

"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest
and thy ballad!

Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others
are filled with

Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before
them.

Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked
up a horseshoe."

Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evan-
geline brought him,

And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he
slowly continued :—

“Four days now are passed since the English
ships at their anchors

Ride in the Gaspereau’s mouth, with their cannon
pointed against us.

What their design may be is unknown ; but all
are commanded

On the morrow to meet in the church, where his
Majesty’s mandate

Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas ! in
the mean time

Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the
people.”

Then made answer the farmer :— “ Perhaps some
friendlier purpose

Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the
harvests in England

By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been
blighted,

And from our bursting barns they would feed
their cattle and children."

"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said,
warmly, the blacksmith,

Shaking his head, as in doubt; then, heaving a
sigh, he continued:—

"Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour,
nor Port Royal.

Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on
its outskirts,

Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of
to-morrow.

Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weap-
ons of all kinds;

Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and
the scythe of the mower."

Then with a pleasant smile made answer the
jovial farmer:—

"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks
and our cornfields,

Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the
ocean,

Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's
cannon.

Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no
shadow of sorrow

Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the
night of the contract.

Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads
of the village

Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking
the glebe round about them,

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food
for a twelvemonth.

René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers
and inkhorn.

Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy
of our children?"

As apart by the window she stood, with her hand
in her lover's,

Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her
father had spoken,
And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary
entered.

III

BENT like a laboring oar, that toils in the
surf of the ocean,

Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the
notary public ;

Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the
maize, hung

Over his shoulders ; his forehead was high ; and
glasses with horn bows

Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom
supernal.

Father of twenty children was he, and more than
a hundred

Children's children rode on his knee, and heard
his great watch tick.

Four long years in the times of the war had he
languished a captive,

Suffering much in an old French fort as the
friend of the English.

Now, though warier grown, without all guile or
suspicion,

Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple,
and childlike.

He was beloved by all, and most of all by the
children ;

For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the
forest,

And of the goblin that came in the night to
water the horses,

And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child
who unchristened

Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the
chambers of children ;

And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in
the stable,

And how the fever was cured by a spider shut
up in a nutshell,

And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved
clover and horseshoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the
village.

Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil
the blacksmith,

Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly
extending his right hand,

“Father Leblanc,” he exclaimed, “thou hast
heard the talk in the village,

And, perchance, canst tell us some news of
these ships and their errand.”

Then with modest demeanor made answer the
notary public:—

“Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am
never the wiser;

And what their errand may be I know not bet-
ter than others.

Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil
intention

Brings them here, for we are at peace ; and why then molest us ?”

“God’s name !” shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith ;

“Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore ?

Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest !”

But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public :—

“Man is unjust, but God is just ; and finally justice

Triumphs ; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,

When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal.”

This was the old man’s favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it

When his neighbors complained that any injustice was done them.

“Once in an ancient city, whose name I no
longer remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of
Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales
in its left hand,
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that jus-
tice presided
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and
homes of the people.
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales
of the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the
sunshine above them.
But in the course of time the laws of the land
were corrupted ;
Might took the place of right, and the weak
were oppressed, and the mighty
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a
nobleman’s palace

That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long
a suspicion

Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the
household.

She, after form of trial condemned to die on the
scaffold,

Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue
of Justice.

As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit
ascended,

Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts
of the thunder

Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath
from its left hand

Down on the pavement below the clattering
scales of the balance,

And in the hollow thereof was found the nest
of a magpie,

Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of
pearls was inwoven."

Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was
ended, the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but
findeth no language ;
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on
his face, as the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes
in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on
the table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with
home-brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength
in the village of Grand-Pré ;
While from his pocket the notary drew his pa-
pers and inkhorn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age
of the parties,
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of
sheep and in cattle.

Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well
were completed,

And the great seal of the law was set like a
sun on the margin.

Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw
on the table

Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces
of silver ;

And the notary rising, and blessing the bride
and the bridegroom,

Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to
their welfare.

Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed
and departed,

While in silence the others sat and mused by
the fireside,

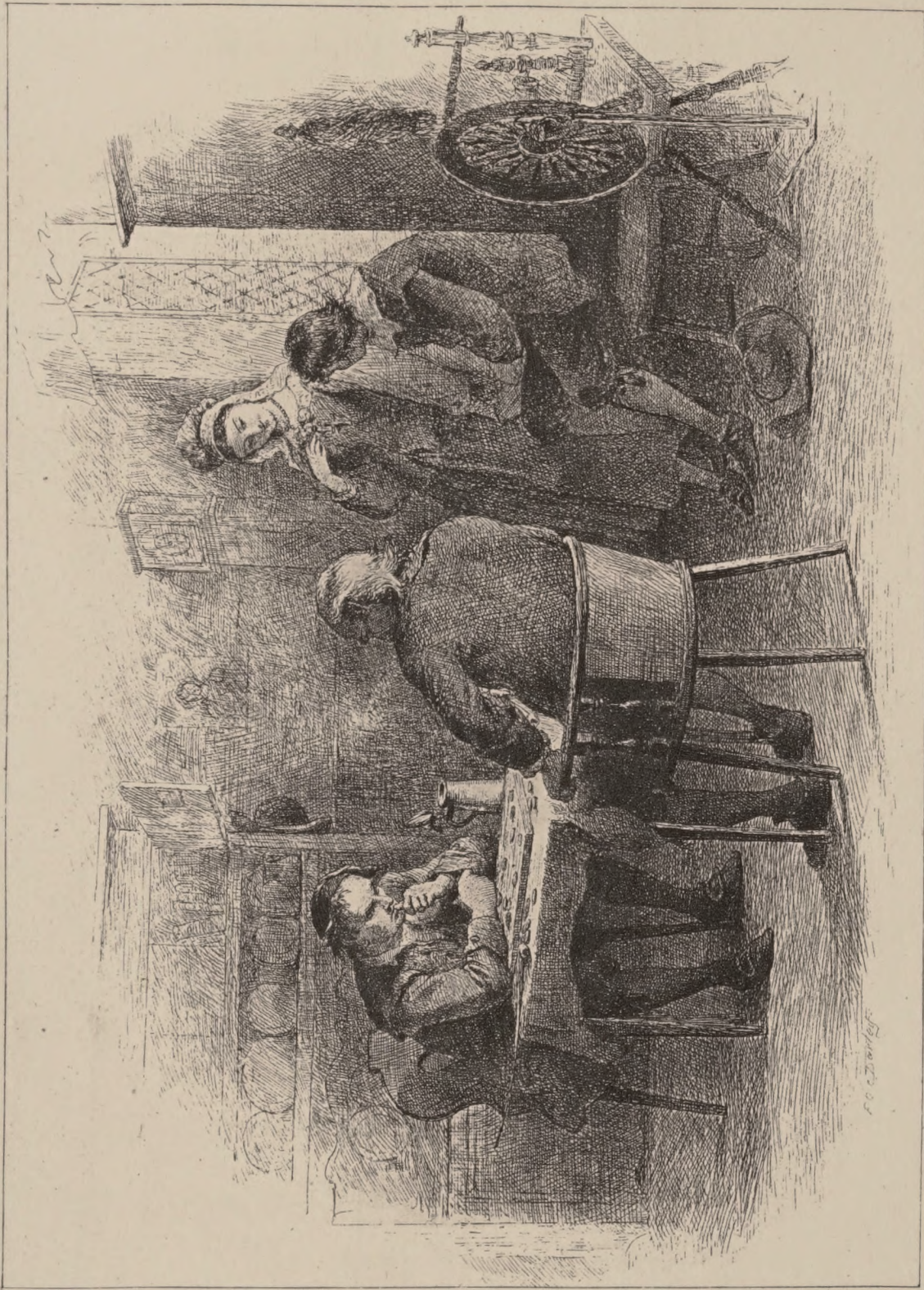
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out
of its corner.

Soon was the game begun. In friendly con-
tention the old men

Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach
was made in the king-row.
Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a
window's embrasure,
Sat the lovers, and whispered together, behold-
ing the moon rise
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the
meadows.
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of
heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots
of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell
from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew,
and straightway
Rose the guests and departed; and silence
reigned in the household.

*Apart, in the twilight, . . .
Sat the lovers*



Many a farewell word and sweet good night
on the door-step

Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled
it with gladness.

Carefully then were covered the embers that
glowed on the hearth-stone,

And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread
of the farmer.

Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evange-
line followed.

Up the staircase moved a luminous space in
the darkness,

Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face
of the maiden.

Silent she passed the hall, and entered the door
of her chamber.

Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of
white, and its clothes-press

Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were
carefully folded

Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evange-
line woven.

This was the precious dower she would bring to
her husband in marriage,

Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her
skill as a housewife.

Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow
and radiant moonlight

Streamed through the windows, and lighted the
room, till the heart of the maiden

Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous
tides of the ocean.

Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she
stood with

Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of
her chamber!

Little she dreamed that below, among the trees
of the orchard,

Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of
her lamp and her shadow.

Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a
feeling of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds
in the moonlight
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room
for a moment.
And, as she gazed from the window, she saw
serenely the moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star
follow her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered
with Hagar!

IV

PLEASANTLY rose next morn the sun on
the village of Grand-Pré.

Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the
Basin of Minas,

Where the ships, with their wavering shadows,
were riding at anchor.

Life had long been astir in the village, and
clamorous labor

Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden
gates of the morning.

Now from the country around, from the farms
and neighboring hamlets,

Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian
peasants.

Many a glad good morrow and jocund laugh from
the young folk

Thronged were the streets with people



Made the bright air brighter, as up from the
numerous meadows,

Where no path could be seen but the track of
wheels in the greensward,

Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed
on the highway.

Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor
were silenced.

Thronged were the streets with people; and
noisy groups at the house-doors

Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped
together.

Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed
and feasted;

For with this simple people, who lived like broth-
ers together,

All things were held in common, and what one
had was another's.

Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed
more abundant:

For Evangeline stood among the guests of her
father;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of
welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup
as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the
orchard,
Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of
betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest
and the notary seated ;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the
blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press
and the beehives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest
of hearts and of waistcoats.
Shadow and light from the leaves alternately
played on his snow-white

Merrily whirled the . . . dizzying dances



F. C. Davley.

Hair, as it waved in the wind ; and the jolly face
of the fiddler

Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are
blown from the embers.

Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of
his fiddle,

Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *Le Carillon de
Dunkerque*,

And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to
the music.

Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzy-
ing dances

Under the orchard-trees and down the path to
the meadows ;

Old folk and young together, and children min-
gled among them.

Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Bene-
dict's daughter !

Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of
the blacksmith !

So passed the morning away. And lo! with
a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the
meadows a drum beat.
Thronged ere long was the church with men.
Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves,
and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh
from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and march-
ing proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dis-
sonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from
ceiling and casement,—
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the pon-
derous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the
will of the soldiers.

Then came the guard from the ships

Then came the guard from the ships



Then uprose their commander, and spake from
the steps of the altar,

Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the
royal commission.

“You are convened this day,” he said, “by his
Majesty’s orders.

Clement and kind has he been ; but how you
have answered his kindness,

Let your own hearts reply ! To my natural
make and my temper

Painful the task is I do, which to you I know
must be grievous.

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will
of our monarch ;

Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and
cattle of all kinds

Forfeited be to the crown ; and that you your-
selves from this province

Be transported to other lands. God grant you
may dwell there

Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable
people!

Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his
Majesty's pleasure!"

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice
of summer,

Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling
of the hailstones

Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and
shatters his windows,

Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with
thatch from the house-roofs,

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their
enclosures;

So on the hearts of the people descended the
words of the speaker.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless won-
der, and then rose

Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and
anger,

And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed
to the door-way.

Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and
fierce imprecations

Rang through the house of prayer; and high
o'er the heads of the others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil
the blacksmith,

As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the
billows.

Flushed was his face and distorted with passion;
and wildly he shouted, —

“Down with the tyrants of England! we never
have sworn them allegiance!

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on
our homes and our harvests!”

More he fain would have said, but the merci-
less hand of a soldier

Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him
down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry
contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father
Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the
steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he
awed into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake
to his people;
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents
measured and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly
the clock strikes.
"What is this that ye do, my children? what
madness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I labored among
you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one
another!

Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and
prayers and privations?

Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love
and forgiveness?

This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and
would you profane it

Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing
with hatred?

Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross
is gazing upon you!

See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness
and holy compassion!

Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer,
'O Father, forgive them!'

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the
wicked assail us,

Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, for-
give them!'"

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the
hearts of his people

Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the
passionate outbreak,
While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O
Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers
gleamed from the altar.
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest,
and the people responded,
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and
the Ave Maria
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their
souls, with devotion translated,
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascend-
ing to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tid-
ings of ill, and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the
women and children.

Long at her father's door Evangeline stood,
with her right hand

Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the
sun, that, descending,

Lighted the village street with mysterious splen-
dor, and roofed each

Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and em-
blazoned its windows.

Long within had been spread the snow-white
cloth on the table ;

There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey
fragrant with wild-flowers ;

There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese
fresh brought from the dairy ;

And, at the head of the board, the great arm-
chair of the farmer.

Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door,
as the sunset

Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad
ambrosial meadows.

Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had
 fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance
 celestial ascended, —
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgive-
 ness, and patience!
Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into
 the village,
Cheering with looks and words the mournful
 hearts of the women,
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps
 they departed.
Urged by their household cares, and the weary
 feet of their children.
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glim-
 mering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet
 descending from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus
 sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evan-
geline lingered.

All was silent within; and in vain at the door
and the windows

Stood she, and listened and looked, till, over-
come by emotion,

“Gabriel!” cried she aloud with tremulous voice;
but no answer

Came from the graves of the dead, nor the
gloomier grave of the living.

Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless
house of her father.

Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board
was the supper untasted,

Empty and drear was each room, and haunted
with phantoms of terror.

Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor
of her chamber.

In the dead of the night she heard the discon-
solate rain fall

Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree
by the window.

Keenly the lightning flashed ; and the voice of
the echoing thunder

Told her that God was in heaven, and governed
the world he created !

Then she remembered the tale she had heard of
the justice of Heaven ;

Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peace-
fully slumbered till morning.

V

FOUR times the sun had risen and set ; and
now on the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids
of the farm-house.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful
procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms
the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods
to the sea-shore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on
their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding
road and the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged
on the oxen,

While in their little hands they clasped some
fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried ;
and there on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of
the peasants.

All day long between the shore and the ships
did the boats ply ;

All day long the wains came laboring down from
the village.

Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near
to his setting,

Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums
from the churchyard.

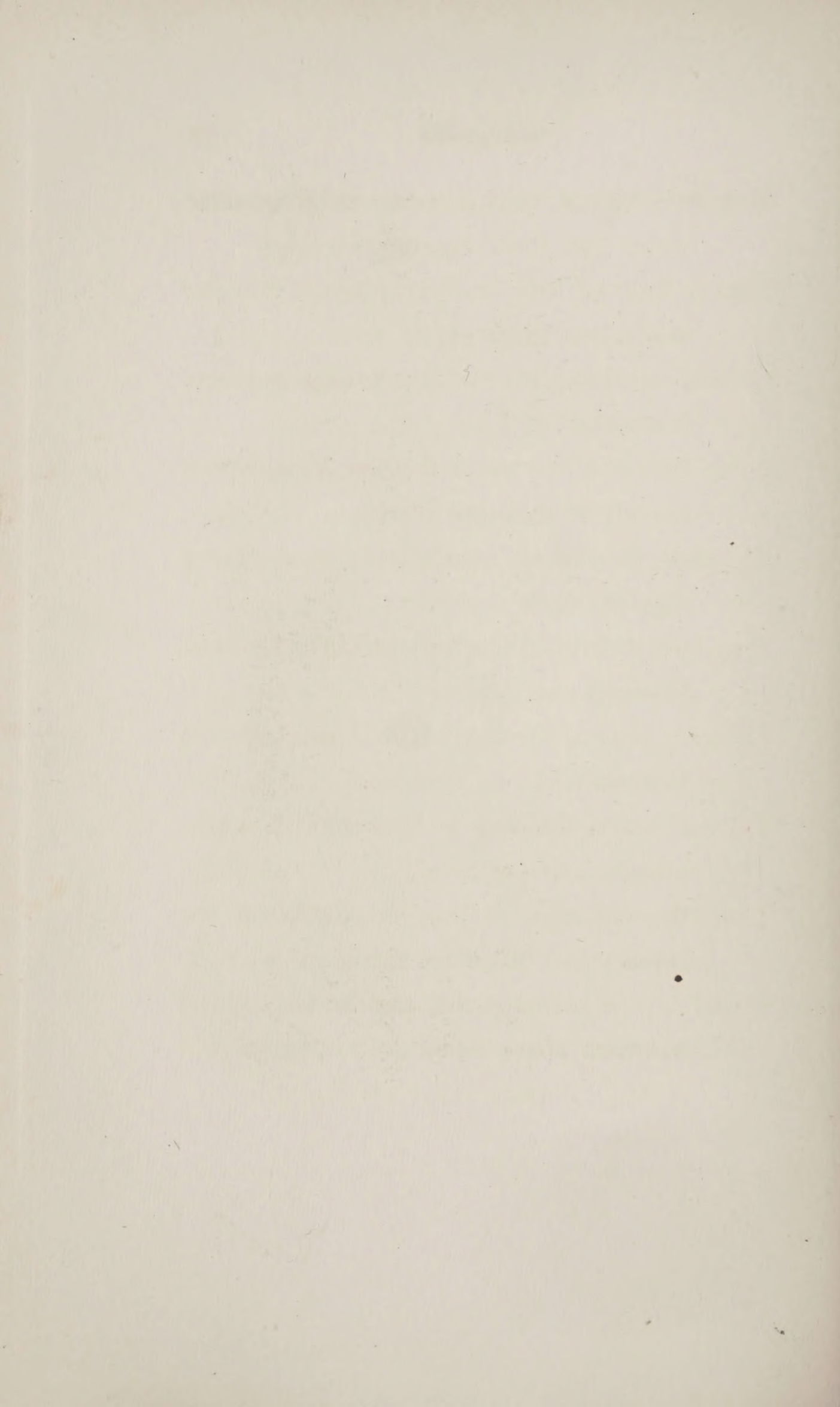
Thither the women and children thronged. On
a sudden the church-doors

Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching
in gloomy procession

Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Aca-
dian farmers.

Driving . . . their household goods to the sea-shore





Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their
homes and their country,

Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are
weary and wayworn,

So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants
descended

Down from the church to the shore, amid their
wives and their daughters.

Foremost the young men came; and, raising
together their voices,

Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic
Missions :—

“ Sacred heart of the Saviour ! O inexhaustible
fountain !

Fill our hearts this day with strength and sub-
mission and patience ! ”

Then the old men, as they marched, and the
women that stood by the wayside

Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the
sunshine above them

Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of
spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited
in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour
of affliction, —
Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession
approached her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with
emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running
to meet him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his
shoulder, and whispered, —
“Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one
another,
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mis-
chances may happen!”
Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly
paused, for her father

Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed
was his aspect!

Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire
from his eye, and his footstep

Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy
heart in his bosom.

But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his
neck and embraced him,

Speaking words of endearment where words of
comfort availed not.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that
mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and
stir of embarking.

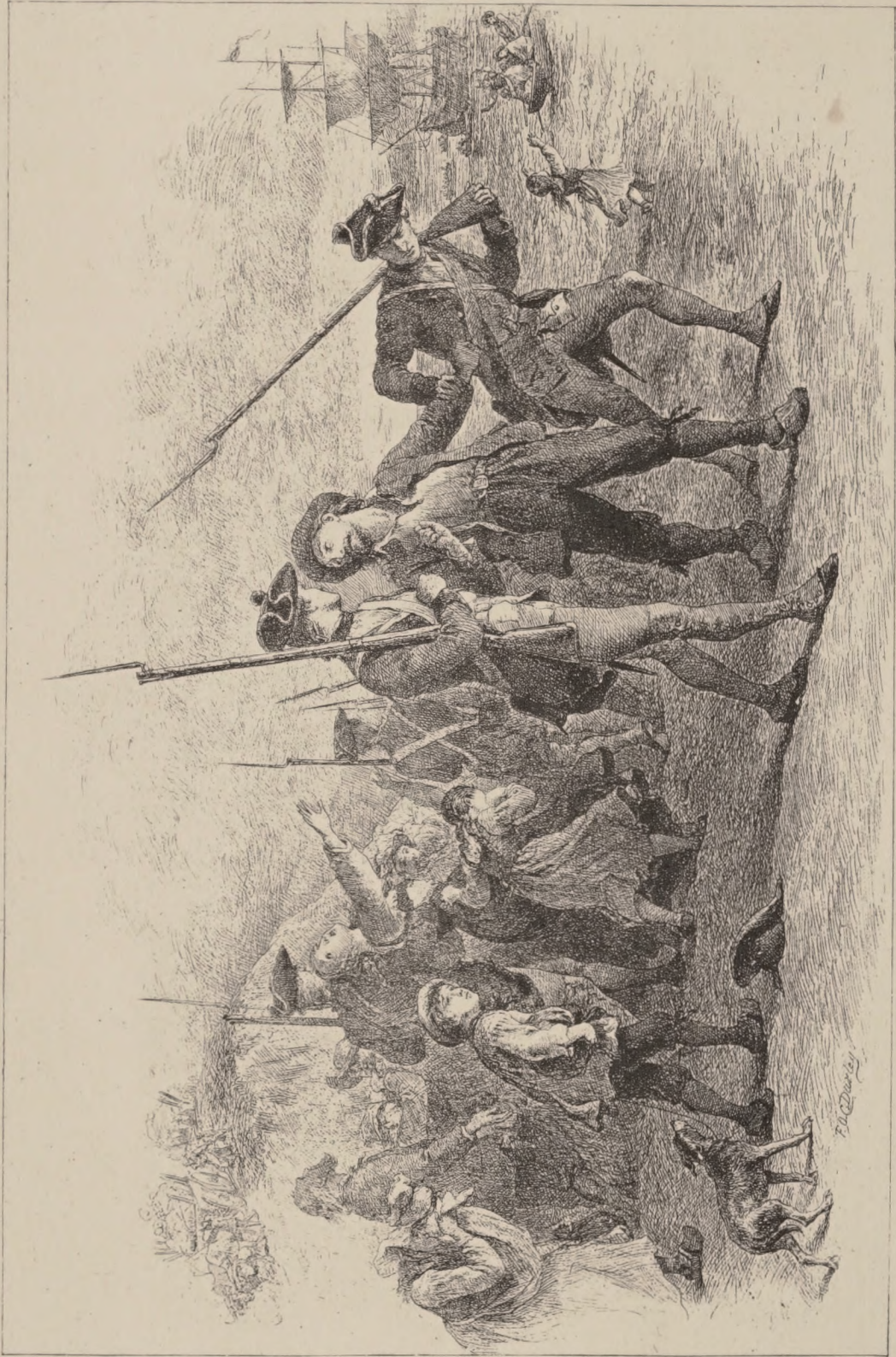
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the con-
fusion

Wives were torn from their husbands, and moth-
ers, too late, saw their children

Left on the land, extending their arms, with
wildest entreaties.

So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel
carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood
with her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went
down, and the twilight
Deepened and darkened around ; and in haste
the reflux ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of
the sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and
the slippery sea-weed.
Farther back in the midst of the household goods
and the wagons,
Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a bat-
tle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels
near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Aca-
dian farmers.

Wives were torn from their husbands



Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellow-
ing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles,
and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats
of the sailors.
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned
from their pastures ;
Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of
milk from their udders ;
Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known
bars of the farm-yard, —
Waited and looked in vain for the voice and
the hand of the milkmaid.
Silence reigned in the streets ; from the church
no Angelus sounded,
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no
lights from the windows.
But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires
had been kindled,

Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from
wrecks in the tempest.
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces
were gathered,
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and
the crying of children.
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth
in his parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and bless-
ing and cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate
sea-shore.—
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline
sat with her father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of
the old man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either
thought or emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands
have been taken.

Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses
to cheer him,

Vainly offered him food ; yet he moved not, he
looked not, he spake not,

But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flick-
ering fire-light.

“*Benedicite!*” murmured the priest, in tones of
compassion.

More he fain would have said, but his heart
was full, and his accents

Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of
a child on a threshold,

Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful
presence of sorrow.

Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head
of the maiden,

Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that
above them

Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs
and sorrows of mortals.

Then sat he down at her side, and they wept
together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in
autumn the blood-red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and
o'er the horizon
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon
mountain and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge
shadows together.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs
of the village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships
that lay in the roadstead.
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes
of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like
the quivering hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the
burning thatch, and, uplifting,

Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from
a hundred house-tops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame
intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on
the shore and on shipboard.

Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud
in their anguish,

“We shall behold no more our homes in the
village of Grand-Pré!”

Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in
the farm-yards,

Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the
lowing of cattle

Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of
dogs interrupted.

Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the
sleeping encampments

Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt
the Nebraska,

When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with
the speed of the whirlwind,
Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to
the river.

Such was the sound that arose on the night,
as the herds and the horses
Broke through their folds and fences, and madly
rushed o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless,
the priest and the maiden
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and
widened before them ;
And as they turned at length to speak to their
silent companion,
Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched
abroad on the sea-shore
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had
departed.
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and
the maiden

Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in
her terror.

Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head
on his bosom.

Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious
slumber ;

And when she woke from the trance, she beheld
a multitude near her.

Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully
gazing upon her,

Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest
compassion.

Still the blaze of the burning village illumined
the landscape,

Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the
faces around her,

And like the day of doom it seemed to her
wavering senses.

Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to
the people, —

“Let us bury him here by the sea. When a
happier season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown
land of our exile,
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in
the churchyard.”

Such were the words of the priest. And there in
haste by the seaside,
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral
torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer
of Grand-Pré.

And as the voice of the priest repeated the ser-
vice of sorrow,
Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a
vast congregation,
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar
with the dirges.

'Twas the returning tide, that afar from the
waste of the ocean,

With the first dawn of the day, came heaving
and hurrying landward.

Then recommenced once more the stir and noise
of embarking ;

And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed
out of the harbor,

Leaving behind them the dead on the shore,
and the village in ruins.



PART THE SECOND

I

MANY a weary year had passed since the
burning of Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels
departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods,
into exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example
in story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians
landed ;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when
the wind from the northeast

Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the
Banks of Newfoundland.

Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered
from city to city,

From the cold lakes of the North to sultry South-
ern savannas, —

From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands
where the Father of Waters

Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them
down to the ocean,

Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones
of the mammoth.

Friends they sought and homes ; and many, de-
spairing, heart-broken,

Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer
a friend nor a fireside.

Written their history stands on tablets of stone
in the churchyards.

Long among them was seen a maiden who waited
and wandered,

Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering
all things.

Fair was she and young ; but, alas ! before her
extended,

Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life,
with its pathway

Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed
and suffered before her,

Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead
and abandoned,

As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert
is marked by

Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach
in the sunshine.

Something there was in her life incomplete, im-
perfect, unfinished ;

As if a morning of June, with all its music and
sunshine,

Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly
descended

Into the east again, from whence it late had
arisen.

Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by
the fever within her,

Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and
thirst of the spirit,

She would commence again her endless search
and endeavor ;

Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on
the crosses and tombstones,

Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that
perhaps in its bosom

He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber
beside him.

Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate
whisper,

Came with its airy hand to point and beckon
her forward.

Sometimes she spake with those who had seen
her beloved and known him,

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.

“Gabriel Lajeunesse!” they said; “O yes! we have seen him.

He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;

Coueurs-des-Bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers.”

“Gabriel Lajeunesse!” said others; “O yes! we have seen him.

He is a Voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana.”

Then would they say, “Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others

Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?

Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary’s son, who has loved thee

Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand
and be happy!

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's
tresses."

Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly,
"I cannot!

Whither my heart has gone, there follows my
hand, and not elsewhere.

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp,
and illumines the pathway,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden
in darkness."

Thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,

Said, with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus
speaketh within thee!

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was
wasted;

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters,
returning

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them
full of refreshment ;

That which the fountain sends forth returns
again to the fountain.

Patience ; accomplish thy labor ; accomplish thy
work of affection !

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient en-
durance is godlike.

Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the
heart is made godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered
more worthy of heaven !”

Cheered by the good man’s words, Evangeline
labored and waited.

Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of
the ocean,

But with its sound there was mingled a voice
that whispered, “Despair not !”

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and
cheerless discomfort,

Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns
of existence.

Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wander-
er's footsteps;—

Not through each devious path, each changeful
year of existence;

But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course
through the valley:

Far from its margin at times, and seeing the
gleam of its water

Here and there, in some open space, and at
intervals only;

Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan
glooms that conceal it,

Though he behold it not, he can hear its contin-
uous murmur;

Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it
reaches an outlet.

II

IT was the month of May. Far down the
Beautiful River,
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the
Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift
Mississippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by
Acadian boatmen.
It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from
the shipwrecked
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating
together,
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a
common misfortune ;
Men and women and children, who, guided by
hope or by hearsay,

Sought for their kith and their kin among the
few-acred farmers

On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair
Opelousas.

With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the
Father Felician.

Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness
sombre with forests,

Day after day they glided adown the turbulent
river ;

Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped
on its borders.

Now through rushing chutes, among green islands,
where plumelike

Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they
swept with the current,

Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery
sand-bars

Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves
of their margin,

Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of
pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores
of the river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant
gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins
and dove-cots.
They were approaching the region where reigns
perpetual summer,
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves
of orange and citron,
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to
the eastward.
They, too, swerved from their course; and, enter-
ing the Bayou of Plaquemine,
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious
waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every
direction.

Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river



Over their heads the towering and tenebrous
boughs of the cypress

Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in
mid-air

Waved like banners that hang on the walls of
ancient cathedrals.

Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save
by the herons

Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning
at sunset,

Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with
demoniac laughter.

Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and
gleamed on the water,

Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar
sustaining the arches,

Down through whose broken vaults it fell as
through chinks in a ruin.

Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all
things around them ;

And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of
wonder and sadness, —

Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot
be compassed.

As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf
of the prairies,

Far in advance are closed the leaves of the
shrinking mimosa,

So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings
of evil,

Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of
doom has attained it.

But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision,
that faintly

Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on
through the moonlight.

It was the thought of her brain that assumed
the shape of a phantom.

Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wan-
dered before her,

And every stroke of the oar now brought him
nearer and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat,
rose one of the oarsmen,

And, as a signal sound, if others like them per-
adventure

Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams,
blew a blast on his bugle.

Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors
leafy the blast rang,

Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues
to the forest.

Soundless above them the banners of moss just
stirred to the music.

Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the
distance,

Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant
branches ;

But not a voice replied ; no answer came from
the darkness ;

And, when the echoes had ceased, like a sense
of pain was the silence.

Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed
through the midnight,

Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian
boat-songs,

Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian
rivers,

While through the night were heard the myste-
rious sounds of the desert,

Far off, — indistinct, — as of wave or wind in
the forest,

Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar
of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the
shades; and before them

Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atcha-
falaya.

Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undu-
lations

Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in
beauty, the lotus
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the
boatmen.
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of
magnolia blossoms,
And with the heat of noon; and numberless
sylvan islands,
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming
hedges of roses,
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited
to slumber.
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were
suspended.
Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew
by the margin,
Safely their boat was moored; and scattered
about on the greensward,
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers
slumbered.

Over them vast and high extended the cope of
a cedar.

Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower
and the grape-vine

Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder
of Jacob,

On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending,
descending,

Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from
blossom to blossom.

Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she
slumbered beneath it.

Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn
of an opening heaven

Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of
regions celestial.

Nearer and ever nearer, among the number-
less islands,

Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er
the water,

Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters
and trappers.

Northward its prow was turned, to the land of
the bison and beaver.

At the helm sat a youth, with countenance
thoughtful and care-worn.

Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow,
and a sadness

Somewhat beyond his years on his face was
legibly written.

Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy
and restless,

Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and
of sorrow.

Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of
the island,

But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen
of palmettos,

So that they saw not the boat, where it lay
concealed in the willows,

All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and
unseen, were the sleepers,
Angel of God was there none to awaken the
slumbering maiden.

Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a
cloud on the prairie.

After the sound of their oars on the tholes had
died in the distance,

As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and
the maiden

Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father
Felician!

Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel
wanders.

Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague super-
stition?

Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth
to my spirit?"

Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my
credulous fancy!

Unto ears like thine such words as these have
no meaning."

But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled
as he answered, —

"Daughter, thy words are not idle ; nor are they
to me without meaning.

Feeling is deep and still ; and the word that
floats on the surface

Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the
anchor is hidden.

Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the
world calls illusions.

Gabriel truly is near thee ; for not far away to
the southward,

On the banks of the Tête, are the towns of
St. Maur and St. Martin.

There the long-wandering bride shall be given
again to her bridegroom,

There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and
his sheepfold.

Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests
of fruit-trees ;
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest
of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls
of the forest.
They who dwell there have named it the Eden
of Louisiana.”

With these words of cheer they arose and
continued their journey.
Softly the evening came. The sun from the
western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er
the landscape ;
Twinkling vapors arose ; and sky and water and
forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and
mingled together.
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges
of silver,

Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the
motionless water.

Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible
sweetness.

Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains
of feeling

Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and
waters around her.

Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-
bird, wildest of singers,

Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er
the water,

Shook from his little throat such floods of de-
lirious music,

That the whole air and the woods and the waves
seemed silent to listen.

Plaintive at first were the tones and sad ; then
soaring to madness

Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of
frenzied Bacchantes.

Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low
lamentation ;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them
abroad in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through
the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower
on the branches.
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that
throbbed with emotion,
Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows
through the green Opelousas,
And, through the amber air, above the crest of
the woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a
neighboring dwelling ;—
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant
lowing of cattle.

III

NEAR to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed
by oaks, from whose branches
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe
flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets
at Yule-tide,
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herds-
man. A garden
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant
blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself
was of timbers
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted
together.
Large and low was the roof; and on slender
columns supported,

Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine
Ran near the tops of the trees ; but the house itself was in shadow,
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.
In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway

Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of
the limitless prairie,
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly
descending.

Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy
canvas

Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless
calm in the tropics,

Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage
of grape-vines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf
of the prairie,

Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle
and stirrups,

Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet
of deerskin.

Broad and brown was the face that from under
the Spanish sombrero

Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look
of its master.

Round about him were numberless herds of kine,
that were grazing
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory
freshness
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over
the landscape.
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and
expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that
resounded
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp
air of the evening.
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns
of the cattle
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents
of ocean.
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing
rushed o'er the prairie,
And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade
in the distance.

Then, as the herdsman turned to the house,
 through the gate of the garden
Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden
 advancing to meet him.
Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in
 amazement, and forward
Rushed with extended arms and exclamations
 of wonder ;
When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil
 the blacksmith.
Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to
 the garden.
There in an arbor of roses with endless question
 and answer
Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their
 friendly embraces,
Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent
 and thoughtful.
Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not ; and now dark
 doubts and misgivings

Stole o'er the maiden's heart ; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,
Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the Atchafalaya,
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?"
Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.
Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent,
"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder,
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.
Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew blithe as he said it,—
"Be of good cheer, my child ; it is only to-day he departed.
Foolish boy ! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.

Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled,
his spirit

Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet
existence.

Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful
ever,

Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his
troubles,

He at length had become so tedious to men and
to maidens,

Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought
me, and sent him

Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with
the Spaniards.

Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the
Ozark Mountains,

Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping
the beaver.

Therefore be of good cheer ; we will follow the
fugitive lover ;

He is not far on his way, and the Fates and
the streams are against him.
Up and away to-morrow, and through the red
dew of the morning
We will follow him fast, and bring him back
to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the
banks of the river,
Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael
the fiddler.
Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god
on Olympus,
Having no other care than dispensing music to
mortals.
Far renowned was he for his silver locks and
his fiddle.
"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave
Acadian minstrel!"
As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession;
and straightway

Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greet-
ing the old man
Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while
Basil, enraptured,
Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and
gossips,
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers
and daughters.
Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the
ci-devant blacksmith,
All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal
demeanor ;
Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the
soil and the climate,
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds
were his who would take them ;
Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would
go and do likewise.
Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the
breezy veranda,

Entered the hall of the house, where already
the supper of Basil
Waited his late return; and they rested and
feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness
descended.
All was silent without, and, illuming the land-
scape with silver,
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars;
but within doors,
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends
in the glimmering lamplight.
Then from his station aloft, at the head of the
table, the herdsman
Poured forth his heart and his wine together
in endless profusion.
Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet
Natchitoches tobacco,
Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and
smiled as they listened:—

“Welcome once more, my friends, who long
have been friendless and homeless,

Welcome once more to a home, that is better
perchance than the old one!

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like
the rivers;

Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of
the farmer.

Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil,
as a keel through the water.

All the year round the orange-groves are in
blossom; and grass grows

More in a single night than a whole Canadian
summer.

Here, too, numberless herds run wild and un-
claimed in the prairies;

Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and
forests of timber

With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed
into houses.

After your houses are built, and your fields are
yellow with harvests,
No King George of England shall drive you away
from your homesteads,
Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing
your farms and your cattle.”
Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud
from his nostrils,
While his huge, brown hand came thundering
down on the table,
So that the guests all started; and Father Fe-
lician, astounded,
Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-
way to his nostrils.
But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were
milder and gayer:—
“Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware
of the fever!
For it is not like that of our cold Acadian
climate,

Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's
neck in a nutshell!"

Then there were voices heard at the door, and
footsteps approaching

Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the
breezy veranda.

It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian
planters,

Who had been summoned all to the house of
Basil the Herdsman.

Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and
neighbors:

Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who
before were as strangers,

Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends
to each other,

Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country
together.

But in the neighboring hall a strain of music,
proceeding

From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,
All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening
Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the herdsman
Sat, conversing together of past and present and future;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness

Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth
into the garden.

Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall
of the forest,

Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon,
On the river

Fell here and there through the branches a
tremulous gleam of the moonlight,

Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened
and devious spirit.

Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers
of the garden

Poured out their souls in odors, that were their
prayers and confessions

Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent
Carthusian.

Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with
shadows and night-dews,

Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and
the magical moonlight

Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable
longings,
As, through the garden gate, and beneath the
shade of the oak-trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the
measureless prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and
fireflies
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and
infinite numbers.
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God
in the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to
marvel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the
walls of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon
them, "Upharsin."
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars
and the fireflies,

Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel!

O my beloved!

Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot
behold thee?

Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice
does not reach me?

Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to
the prairie!

Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the
woodlands around me!

Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from
labor,

Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of
me in thy slumbers.

When shall these eyes behold, these arms be
folded about thee?"

Loud and sudden and near the note of a whip-
poorwill sounded

Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through
the neighboring thickets,

Farther and farther away it floated and dropped
into silence.

“Patience!” whispered the oaks from oracular
caverns of darkness;

And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded,

“To-morrow!”

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the
flowers of the garden

Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and
anointed his tresses

With the delicious balm that they bore in their
vases of crystal.

“Farewell!” said the priest, as he stood at the
shadowy threshold;

“See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from
his fasting and famine,

And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when
the bridegroom was coming.”

“Farewell!” answered the maiden, and, smiling,
with Basil descended.

Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen
already were waiting.

Thus beginning their journey with morning, and
sunshine, and gladness,

Swiftly they followed the flight of him who
was speeding before them,

Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over
the desert.

Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that
succeeded,

Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest
or river,

Nor, after many days, had they found him ; but
vague and uncertain

Rumors alone were their guides through a wild
and desolate country ;

Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of
Adayes,

Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from
the garrulous landlord,

That on the day before, with horses and guides
and companions,
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of
the prairies.

IV

FAR in the West there lies a desert land,
where the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and
luminous summits.
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where
the gorge, like a gateway,
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emi-
grant's wagon,
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway
and Owyhee.
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-
river Mountains,
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate
leaps the Nebraska;
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and
the Spanish sierras,

Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by
the wind of the desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, de-
scend to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and
solemn vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the won-
drous, beautiful prairies,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and
sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and
purple amorphas.
Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the
elk and the roebuck ;
Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of
riderless horses ;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are
weary with travel ;
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ish-
mael's children,

*Into this wonderful land . . .
Gabriel far had entered*



Staining the desert with blood ; and above their
terrible war-trails

Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the
vulture,

Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaugh-
tered in battle,

By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the
heavens.

Here and there rise smokes from the camps of
these savage marauders ;

Here and there rise groves from the margins
of swift-running rivers ;

And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk
of the desert,

Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots
by the brookside,

And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline
heaven,

Like the protecting hand of God inverted above
them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the
Ozark Mountains,
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and
trappers behind him.
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the
maiden and Basil
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day
to o'ertake him.
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the
smoke of his camp-fire
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain ;
but at nightfall,
When they had reached the place, they found
only embers and ashes.
And, though their hearts were sad at times and
their bodies were weary,
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata
Morgana
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated
and vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there
silently entered
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose
features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as
great as her sorrow.
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to
her people,
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel
Camanches,
Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-
Bois, had been murdered.
Touched were their hearts at her story, and
warmest and friendliest welcome
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and
feasted among them
On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on
the embers.
But when their meal was done, and Basil and
all his companions,

Worn with the long day's march and the chase
of the deer and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept
where the quivering fire-light
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms
wrapped up in their blankets,
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat
and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of
her Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and
pains, and reverses.
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know
that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had
been disappointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and
woman's compassion,
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had
suffered was near her,

They found only embers and ashes



She in turn related her love and all its disasters.

Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended

Still was mute ; but at length, as if a mysterious horror

Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the Mowis ;

Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,

But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,

Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,

Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.

Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incantation,

Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a phantom,

That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge,
in the hush of the twilight,
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered
love to the maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume
through the forest,
And never more returned, nor was seen again
by her people.
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evan-
geline listened
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the
region around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swar-
thy guest the enchantress.
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains
the moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious
splendor
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and
filling the woodland.

With a delicious sound the brook rushed by,
and the branches

Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible
whispers.

Filled with the thoughts of love was Evange-
line's heart, but a secret,

Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite
terror,

As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the
nest of the swallow.

It was no earthly fear. A breath from the re-
gion of spirits

Seemed to float in the air of night ; and she
felt for a moment

That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pur-
suing a phantom.

With this thought she slept, and the fear and
the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was re-
sumed ; and the Shawnee

Said, as they journeyed along, "On the western slope of these mountains
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus ;
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear him."
Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered,
"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!"
Thither they turned their steeds ; and behind a spur of the mountains,
Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.

Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst
of the village,

Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children.

A crucifix fastened

High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed
by grape-vines,

Looked with its agonized face on the multitude
kneeling beneath it.

This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through
the intricate arches

Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their ves-
pers,

Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and
sighs of the branches.

Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers,
nearer approaching,

Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the
evening devotions.

But when the service was done, and the bene-
diction had fallen

Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed
from the hands of the sower,
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the stran-
gers and bade them
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled
with benignant expression,
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-
tongue in the forest,
And, with words of kindness, conducted them
into his wigwam.
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and
on cakes of the maize-ear
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the wa-
ter gourd of the teacher.
Soon was their story told; and the priest with
solemnity answered:—
“Not six suns have risen and set since Ga-
briel, seated
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden
reposes,

Told me this same sad tale; then arose and
continued his journey!"

Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake
with an accent of kindness;

But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in
winter the snow-flakes

Fall into some lone nest from which the birds
have departed.

"Far to the north he has gone," continued the
priest; "but in autumn,

When the chase is done, will return again to
the Mission."

Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek
and submissive,

"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad
and afflicted."

So seemed it wise and well unto all; and be-
times on the morrow,

Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian
guides and companions,

Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed
at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded
each other, —
Days and weeks and months; and the fields
of maize that were springing
Green from the ground when a stranger she
came, now waving above her,
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interla-
cing, and forming
Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pil-
laged by squirrels.
Then in the golden weather the maize was
husked, and the maidens
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that beto-
kened a lover,
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief
in the cornfield.
Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought
not her lover.

“Patience!” the priest would say; “have faith,
and thy prayer will be answered!

Look at this delicate plant that lifts its head
from the meadow,

See how its leaves are turned to the north, as
true as the magnet;

This is the compass-flower, that the finger of
God has planted

Here in the houseless wild, to direct the travel-
ler’s journey

Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of
the desert.

Such in the soul of man is faith. The blos-
soms of passion,

Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and
fuller of fragrance,

But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and
their odor is deadly.

Only this humble plant can guide us here, and
hereafter

Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet
with the dews of nepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the
winter, — yet Gabriel came not ;
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes
of the robin and bluebird
Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet
Gabriel came not.

But on the breath of the summer winds a ru-
mor was wafted
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of
blossom.

Far to the north and east, it said, in the
Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the
Saginaw river.

And, with returning guides, that sought the
lakes of St. Lawrence,

Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from
the Mission.

When over weary ways, by long and perilous
marches,
She had attained at length the depths of the
Michigan forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen
to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and
in seasons and places
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering
maiden;—
Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Mo-
ravian Missions,
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields
of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and popu-
lous cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away
unremembered.
Fair was she and young, when in hope began
the long journey;

Faded was she and old, when in disappointment
it ended.

Each succeeding year stole something away
from her beauty,

Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the
gloom and the shadow.

Then there appeared and spread faint streaks
of gray o'er her forehead,

Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earth-
ly horizon,

As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of
the morning.

V

IN that delightful land which is washed by
the Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn
the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the
city he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the
emblem of beauty,
And the streets still re-echo the names of the
trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads
whose haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline
landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home
and a country.

There old René Leblanc had died ; and when
 he departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred
 descendants.
Something at least there was in the friendly
 streets of the city,
Something that spake to her heart, and made
 her no longer a stranger ;
And hēr ear was pleased with the Thee and
 Thou of the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian coun-
 try,
Where all men were equal, and all were broth-
 ers and sisters.
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed
 endeavor,
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth,
 uncomplaining,
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her
 thoughts and her footsteps.

As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of
the morning
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape
below us,
Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities
and hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw
the world far below her,
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love ;
and the pathway
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth
and fair in the distance.
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart
was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as
last she beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike si-
lence and absence.
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for
it was not.

Over him years had no power; he was not
changed, but transfigured;
He had become to her heart as one who is
dead, and not absent;
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion
to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow
had taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some
odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the
air with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but
to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of
her Saviour.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mer-
cy; frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded
lanes of the city,

Where distress and want concealed themselves
from the sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished
neglected.
Night after night, when the world was asleep,
as the watchman repeated
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was
well in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light
of her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as
slow through the suburbs
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and
fruits for the market,
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home
from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell
on the city,

Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by
flocks of wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught
in their craws but an acorn.
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month
of September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to
a lake in the meadow,
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natu-
ral margin,
Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of
existence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to
charm, the oppressor ;
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of
his anger ;—
Only, alas ! the poor, who had neither friends
nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of
the homeless.

Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of
meadows and woodlands ;—
Now the city surrounds it ; but still, with its
gateway and wicket
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble
walls seem to echo
Softly the words of the Lord :—“ The poor ye
always have with you.”
Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister
of Mercy. The dying
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed,
to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead
with splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of
saints and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at
a distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the
city celestial,

Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits
would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets,
deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door
of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of
flowers in the garden ;
And she paused on her way to gather the
fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in
their fragrance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corri-
dors, cooled by the east wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from
the belfry of Christ Church,
While, intermingled with these, across the mead-
ows were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the
Swedes in their church at Wicaco.

Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the
hour on her spirit ;
Something within her said, "At length thy
trials are ended" ;
And, with light in her looks, she entered the
chambers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful
attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching
brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and con-
cealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of
snow by the roadside.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline
entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she
passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on
the walls of a prison.

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death,
the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed
it forever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the
night-time ;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by
strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling
of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart,
while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the
flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and
bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such
terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from
their pillows.

On the pallet before her was stretched the
form of an old man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that
shaded his temples ;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face
for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its
earlier manhood ;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those
who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush
of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had be-
sprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign,
and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his
spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite
depths in the darkness,

Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking
and sinking.

Then through those realms of shade, in multi-
plied reverberations,

Heard he that cry of pain, and through the
hush that succeeded

Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and
saint-like,

“Gabriel! O my beloved!” and died away into
silence.

Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the
home of his childhood;

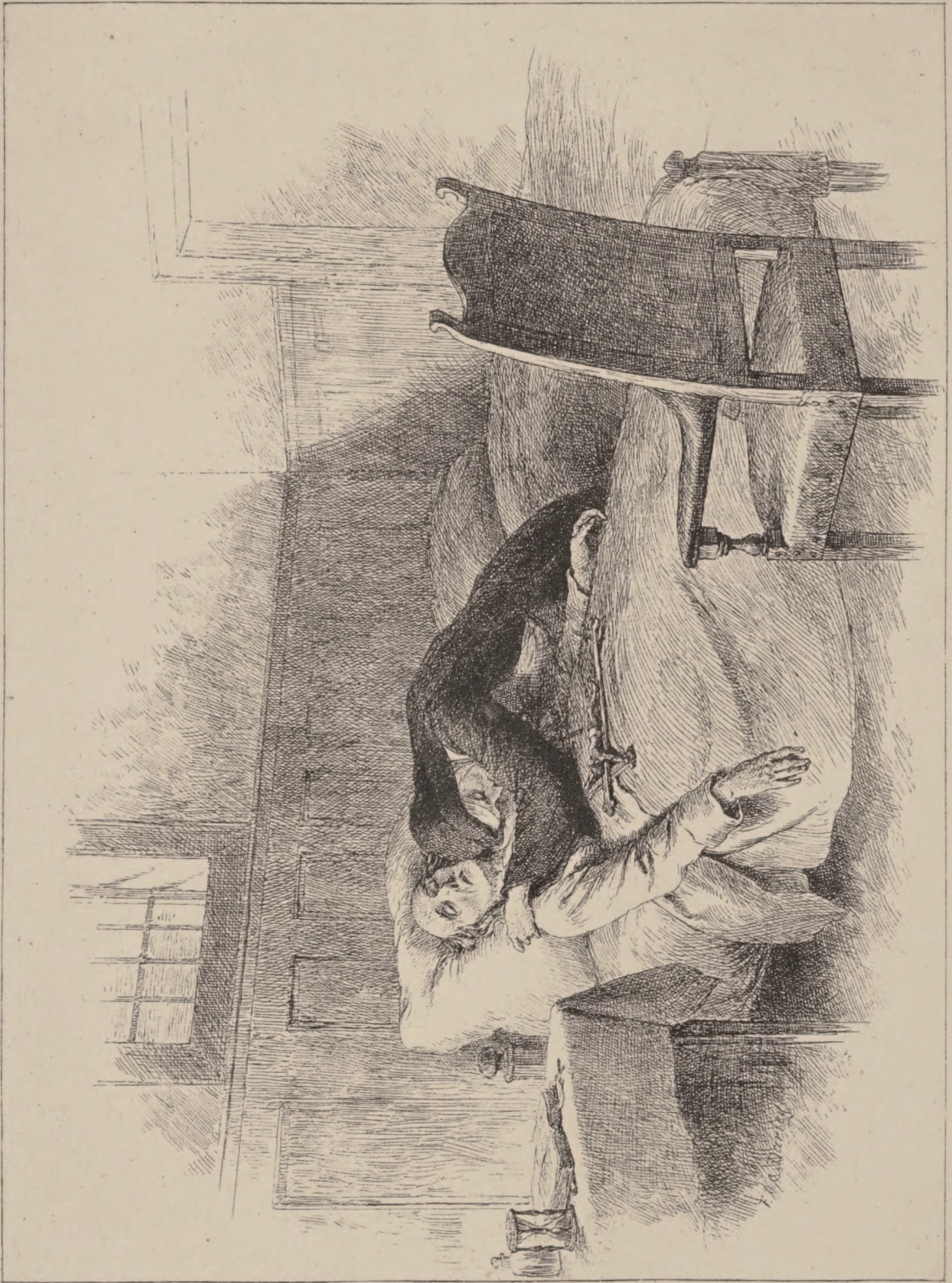
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers
among them,

Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and,
walking under their shadow,

As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose
in his vision.

Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he
lifted his eyelids,

“ Father, I thank thee ”



Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt
by his bedside.

Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the
accents unuttered

Died on his lips, and their motion revealed
what his tongue would have spoken.

Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneel-
ing beside him,

Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her
bosom.

Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it sud-
denly sank into darkness,

As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of
wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear,
and the sorrow,

All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied
longing,

All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish
of patience!

And, as she pressed once more the lifeless
head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured,
“Father, I thank thee!”



STILL stands the forest primeval ; but far
away from its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the
lovers are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic
churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown
and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing
beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are
at rest and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no
longer are busy,

Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have
 ceased from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have
 completed their journey!

 Still stands the forest primeval; but under
 the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and
 language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty
 Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers
 from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in
 its bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom
 are still busy;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their
 kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat *Evangeline's*
 story,

While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced,
 neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the
 wail of the forest.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 012 225 501 3

